

## ZION'S HERALD.

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### MY QUEST.

BY PROF. R. F. LEGGETT.

My friend with me one summer hour  
Strolled in the waning light.  
But while I paused to pluck a flower,  
He passed beyond my sight.

I marveled not, the path did wind  
And turn so much; I said,  
My eager steps the lost will find  
A little way ahead.

Or, if perchance my feet shall stray,  
Her tender heart will yearn,  
And, weary of my long delay,  
She surely will return.

So fare I as the foot-path led,  
Till long the distance grew;  
Alas! his silent feet had sped  
Yet farther than I knew.

And still my eager quest is vain;  
No lip of song or sound  
Brings healing for my growing pain,  
And he is yet unfound.

So late he walked the busy street,  
The crowded ways of men,  
I half expect 'mid those I meet  
To see him come again.

What spell can stay his homeward feet?  
O summer winds far blown,  
Walt back some word of comfort sweet,  
Some greeting for his own!

Some where he walks, though footpath turns  
And crags shut out the light;  
I know the star in beauty burns  
Though it be out of sight.

So while I watch the ebbing sands,  
A faith not wholly dead  
Whispers sometimes of clasping hands  
Not very far ahead.

East Greenwich, R. I.

### A PRESIDING ELDER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY REV. MARK TRAUTON, D. D.

This old town of Quincy has been  
the prolific mother of numerous celebrities in the *genus homo*. It has never  
been, and is not now, a congenial soil or climate for the Methodist plant, and  
the history of the M. E. Church in Quincy reminds one of the great  
*morbus muliciculus* fever, or the effort to  
naturalize the tea-plant in the United States, becoming a miserable dwarf or unsightly hybrid. And yet the  
year 1790 produced in this old town one of the most successful, and in  
his day popular, Methodist preachers of the age — Rev. Thomas C. Peirce; and what is a little singular about it is, that the Adams family knew nothing of it, and in all that they have written of the wonderful events which  
marked the history of this ilk, this  
marked event is not mentioned.

A life thus commencing in a region so uncongenial to the religious faith of the subject of this sketch, closed in Lynn Methodist's most fruitful garden, in 1852, then only in the sixtieth year of his age. But what a marvelous period of activity lay between these two points in time! If "that life is long which answers life's great end," then the life we attempt to sketch runs up among the centenarians. Never seeing a well day, bearing about with him what killed him at last — the symptoms of a catarrhal consumption — yet he never flagged, or asked an indulgence; never having a vacation, nor pausing a moment in his career, but like the arrow from the string, cutting his way through space, and was gone!

A more complete illustration of the mystery of circumstances history hardly affords. He had little aid from men, or the accidents of what we call fortune. His parents were of the noble poor, and so the lad must shoulder his pack and start out on his march alone. He comes up to Boston seeking his fortune, and happily falls in with the late venerable David Patten, a house-carver, or builder, who wanted an apprentice; or rather, the good God wanted some good man to take care of him; for what Mr. Patten could see in this little string of bones as promising power to push a jack-plane, or shape a saw, we cannot divine; yet he took him, and he is "bound out" until twenty-one years of age, to learn the art, trade, or mystery of a house-carver. He has a good home, a kind master, and steady employment, and he sets himself resolutely and diligently to what he supposes is to be his life-work — a builder. But he was under the eye of one who intended to make him a builder of other than merely temporary habitations, and a workman that shall not be ashamed by seeing his works perish.

He attended church at old Bromfield chapel, and the venerable Daniel Webb was the pastor. Soon the apprentice became strongly impressed, and these convictions were strengthened by the home influences thrown around him in the family of this pious and devoted man, David Patten. He was soon brought into the light, and "renounced the devil and all his works" once for all. His was not a nature to compromise matters; what was to be done, was done, and that ended the matter. I cannot give the date of his conversion, but as he was born in 1790,

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### THE BRAHMO SOMAJ.

BY REV. JAMES MUDGE.

The native of India who is best known at the present time in Europe and America, is probably Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, leader of the Brahmo Somaj. On my recent visit to Calcutta I took occasion to attend the service at the Brahmo Church, one Sunday evening, and to have a little conversation with Mr. Sen, the minister. He is a large-proportioned, handsome man, with full cheeks and thick black hair closely cut, after the manner of the Bengalis, and a small moustache. He was picturesquely dressed in long, white, flowing robes of fine texture. While he preached and prayed—indeed, throughout the service—he sat, cross-legged, on a little piece of carpet placed upon a marble platform raised to the height of the tops of the seats. In front of the platform was a small raised space, and on three sides of it were ranged hard benches filling the large room, and these were closely filled with men. Above was a screened gallery for the women, and under the gallery a small pipe organ, the gift of the British Unitarian Association. The notes of this organ blended finely with those produced by the native Bengal instruments, and with the singing added, made very attractive music. All the service was in Bengali. The sermon, as Babu Keshub kindly explained to us afterwards, was on flowers and their teachings.

This illustrates, though perhaps it does not quite fairly represent, the character of the doctrines inculcated and the nature of the movement. It can talk prettily about flowers, their sweetness and purity—in other words, it has no Messiah, no satisfaction for sins, no revelation as to the future. It talks largely about the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but it has no one to show the Father to mankind, and nothing to call forth that deep principle of love which alone can make men one family.

A decided change has come over the general feeling of the missionaries towards the Brahmans. At first they hoped that the movement would be but a stepping-stone toward Christianity, and it seemed for awhile to be drawing nearer to it. But all that has been altered for some years now. So far from helping Hindus to become Christians, it is now in some places one of the most serious hindrances in the way. An incident which occurred at Monghyr a few months ago, and which was fully shown up in the *Lucknow Witness*, well illustrates this: An educated Bengalee gentleman, Babu Audhar Lal Sen, was baptized by a Bengalee preacher of our South India Conference. No sooner was it known that he had become a Christian, than a missionary of the Brahmo Somaj hastened to the scene, induced his wife to forsake him, and after a number of interviews, persuading him that Christ was not divine, influenced him to publicly renounce his faith in the Christian religion. This is not an isolated case; and while Brahmoism has sadly lagged behind, and is losing what it once gained.

These words describe what I call a completed life. They cover its closing moments with a moral beauty that ages can never dim. They are Paul's verdict upon his own life and work, and they are spoken with such sweetness of spirit, with such firmness of trust, as to make them sound more like a birth-day anthem than a dying charge.

So the great apostle closed up his earthly life, and went out from our sight and society into the open vision and blessed service of eternity. What a grand finish he made of his earthly ministry—dying with a shout of triumph on his lips, and dying in such a way as to awaken the admiration of all coming generations for his character and faith. What a contrast he offers to the man of St. Helena!

We shall each stand some day where Paul stood, and where Napoleon stood—face to face with death. We shall say, not as theory, but as fact, "The time of my departure is at hand." We shall want to die decently and with dignity; we shall want to say, "Come on, Death, we are ready for you! You can serve us, but you cannot frighten or harm us!" All this may be, if we are able to feel in that hour that our lives are completed lives.

It is possible through grace for us not only to have well-rounded, complete, beautiful lives, but it is also possible, and right for us to appreciate them ourselves and to fall back upon them with holy self-possession and assurance in the dying hour, that our closing hours shall be dignified, and our closing experience and example shall be full of moral influence and beauty. Just as God looked upon His work and said, "It is very good," so an honest Christian, through grace, may look back upon a true and faithful career, and then look up into the face of his Maker, and say, "I have tried to live for Thee, and I have succeeded; now, my God, I am coming to live with Thee forever!" Paul could do this. John Huss and Luther and Knox and Wesley and Brainerd, and millions upon millions of others, have been able to do this. They devoted themselves to the work of God and the Church while they lived, and when they laid down to die, their beds were set on Pisgah! No shadows of remorse upon their hearts, but pure and perfect satisfaction such as noble work and high faith always give. Of course such an experience is possible only to those who have been wholly consecrated to Christ and Christian duty.

Jesus said, as He died, "It is finished!" His death was a lofty and self-satisfying achievement, and His joy was like the joy of God as he reviewed it and yielded it up to the Father. Paul's death was like that of Jesus, and ours may be like Paul's. A completed life will give a glorious death, but human completeness is only of and in Christ. "And ye are complete in Him," and "ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God."

ligion that shall combine all the excellencies and none of the difficulties of the old ones—a Christianity without the Trinity or the Atonement, or Hinduism without caste or idolatry—a Mohammedanism with the special creed of Mahomet. The result is, a strengthless, colorless system, which is far too religious for the worldly and indifferent, and not religious enough for such as really want to be saved.

Hence the number of its adherents is small, and likely to remain so. Indeed, indications multiply, and it is the opinion of those most likely to know, that Brahminism is steadily declining. The interest that once attended it is fast going, and is largely gone. The following confessions and complaints by a correspondent in a recent number of the *India Mirror*, the Brahmo organ, receive ample confirmation from other sources. He says: "The Brahmo Somaj, that at one time might count all the young men of schools and colleges as its followers, has now almost lost its credit in that direction. The rising generation do not feel that interest in it that at one time had. The work of the Brahmo Somaj in the metropolis is at a stand-still. It is plain that for its own want of energy, enthusiasm, organization, and preaching or lecturing, the Brahmo Somaj has sadly lagged behind, and is losing what it once gained."

If, upon comparison of an action or purpose with the requirements of God's law, it is found to be in harmony with them, the judgment decides that it is right, and conscience immediately approves or urges the performance of it. If it is found to be in conflict with that law, it is known to be wrong, and conscience dictates that it ought not to be done; and if we obey that dictate we are saved from sin and condemnation. But if the action is already done, the rebukes of conscience not only serve to convince us of its sinfulness, but should also deter us from its repetition and lead to repentance.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

Those men mistake things egregiously who think that this age has nothing to do but to discover the errors of the past, destroy all the great beliefs and great works of our fathers, and pull things to pieces in general. This age has a better mission, another and far better work to do. It is to build upon the old foundations, to hold fast what is tried and true, and to carry the gospel of God to every creature under heaven. A vigorous thinker, in a recent volume, has the true conception, and sets it before us in these timely words: "There is a popular error as to what constitutes true progress and advanced thought. It does not consist in an everlasting digging down to the foundations of the mountains to see whether they stand firm; in pulling up to-day the trees our forefathers planted, and whose verdure and fruitfulness are sufficient proof of their vitality, to see whether their roots are sound. Your true conservative is, after all, your true progressive. If any man thinks we are going to spend the last quarter of this nineteenth century in the making of new creeds and the construction of new ecclesiastical machinery, there must be a screw loose in his own constitution. The engineer cannot spend his life in examining and oiling his locomotive. The time is coming and now is when he must put on the steam, and move forward on the track with which God's redemptive providence has girdled the globe." —*Interior*.

If economy is to be practiced at all, it must be done at the sacrifice of things which the city American has come to consider necessities of life. The whole difficulty of the situation lies here: Fast living is a part of our social customs, and it is not merely allowed—it is required of us on high moral grounds. "A father should give his girls good associations." "We ought, for the sake of our families to live, in appearance at least, as well as our neighbors." Some years ago, in this New York of ours, a great minister lost the Methodist Episcopacy because he lived in a small house and saved money to pay debts with. The law we impose upon each other is well typified in that case. Thousands of people who cannot afford it, feel shut up to the necessity of inhabiting these residences of nabobdom. It would break the heart of the mother, it would ruin the prospects of the daughter, and it would kill the self-respect of the father, to move into a humbler home. The sorrows of bankruptcy may come; but careful management may substitute an accommodation—"the business to be continued"—for flat ruin; while nothing can restore the lost social position. The builders who go on running up palaces know what is wanted; they may fail to succeed, but if they do, the failure will be a general ruin. —*Methodist*.

The religion of Jesus Christ is not the religion of a book, but the religion of a spiritual life of which the book is but a human record. The inspiration is in the life, not in the page; in the soul that is lifted up by the consciousness of the divine presence, not in the paper and the printer's ink. The faith of Abraham, the patient service of Jacob, the suffering and the forgiveness of Joseph, the persistent heroism of Moses, the trust in God of David, the spiritual hopefulness of Isaiah, the invincible might of Jeremiah's patience, and the heroism and courage of Paul—in these is the true inspiration of the Bible. The Bible is a divine book because it is the record of the experience of the conduct of men in whom was variously developed and variously manifested a divine life. —*Christian Union*.

We must carry about this mortal body with humility, endure it with patience, and let it die with fresh courage. In this way we rightly labor towards transforming it into that glorious and spiritual body which we expect from the second Adam. —*Stark*.

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### FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

At the close of each day we should take up, not only the thoughts and actions of that day, but the purposes and plans for to-morrow, and test them in this way. This self-examination, this constant habit of referring every action to the will of God, is essential to the education of conscience. It is, therefore, one of the most important duties of life, and should be done deliberately, faithfully, and prayerfully.

"It is greatly to talk with our past hour; And ask them what report they bore to heaven, And how they might have borne more welcome news."

If, upon comparison of an action or purpose with the requirements of God's law, it is found to be in harmony with them, the judgment decides that it is right, and conscience immediately approves or urges the performance of it. If it is found to be in conflict with that law, it is known to be wrong, and conscience dictates that it ought not to be done; and if we obey that dictate we are saved from sin and condemnation. But if the action is already done, the rebukes of conscience not only serve to convince us of its sinfulness, but should also deter us from its repetition and lead to repentance.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## SEMI-CENTENNIAL DISCOURSE.

BY REV. KLEAZER SMITH.

## INTRODUCTION 1.

As a general rule, apologies in the pulpit are out of place; but I think it not inappropriate to speak a word in the form of apology for myself at this time. The sermon I am about to deliver is mostly written. I have not changed my opinion, that as a general rule, extempore preaching is by far the more "excellent way"; but my discourse is largely historical and statistical, and the memory of one 76 years of age can hardly be trusted. I am aware that not being accustomed to reading sermons, I shall fail to do my discourse justice. One word more: I shall not be able to conform to the modern style of preaching as to time. Instead of fifteen, thirty or forty-five minutes, I may tax your patience for a full hour, or even more.

## INTRODUCTION II.

I am aware that some of the statements made in my discourse savor of boasting as a Methodist. The same charge lies against many ardent friends of our Church. We are compelled to adopt the apology of St. Paul, who was obliged to "speak as a fool." So long as we are reported as declining in numbers and influence, and our final and speedy extinction is prophesied, we shall continue to declare what great things God has done for us and by us. In two or three large cities our progress has not been as rapid as in other parts of our world-wide field; therefore the conclusion that Methodism is "dying out" Oracles of denominations, who do not number a membership equal to the two hundred and eleven thousand net increase of Methodists in the United States in 1877, are lamenting our coming end. We will try to comfort them, though it may look like boasting. In truth, we are guilty of boasting, but like all other sinners, we lay the blame on others.

"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" Ecccl. vii. 10.

I propose for our consideration the question, "Were the former days better than these?" or, to be more particular, "Has the progress of Christianity, taking into the account only our own country, and embracing the last half-century, been such as to give assurance of its final triumph?" This question is one of the highest importance. To each of us it stands next to the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" Questions that minister only to the gratification of idle curiosity or profitless speculation, are not worth our attention. Life is so short as to leave no time for trifling, and only that which vitally affects our highest interests is worth a thought. The question before us is prominent. Decide it in the negative, and a dark cloud settles over the future of the race. All our high hopes are extinguished, and our jubilant songs are hushed forever. No longer shall rejoicing millions lift up their glad voices and sing, "Jesus shall reign!" The Book which prophesied, "He shall reign until He hath put all His enemies under His feet," and that "to Him shall every knee bow," will be thrown aside as unworthy of our credence, creating false hopes, and cheating us with promises not fulfilled. It is Satan, not Christ, that John saw going forth "conquering and to conquer."

To admit that Christianity is a failure, is to abandon all hope for our race. He who comes to this conclusion can do but little for the cause of Jesus. We have no heart to work in an enterprise that we expect will fail. Faith in the righteousness and also the success of our undertaking, is indispensable, and especially in the work of recovering the world for Christ. This is a work of faith. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Our personal salvation is secured by faith. Without faith, it is impossible to please God; and faith in God arms us for the conflict. Without it our feeble hands hang down, and like Samson we are weak. Faith makes heroes. Read Heb. ii., and learn the value of faith. I pity the man who despairs of the final triumph of Christianity. He can hardly be assured of his own salvation, for may not that system which fails to redeem its promises toward the race in general, fail to save him? In proportion to his love for Christ and the souls of men, will be his sorrow of heart.

The patriot who sees his bleeding country sinking under its powerful foes, may in his desperation strike back upon his victorious enemy, but no hope nerves his arm. I have in recollection one who is an illustration of this. A purer patriot, or a more devoted Christian is seldom found than a late president of one of our N. E. colleges; and yet so sad and hopeless a man I have seldom known. As to his political faith, he was of the school of Hamilton—a Federalist of the ultra class. In theology he was a genuine Calvinist of the old stamp. He lived to see his political doctrines everywhere rejected, and his theology, which he believed was "the faith once delivered to the saints," if not rejected, yet toned down, and, as he believed, preached in a diluted form, and seldom heard from in the pulpit or found in the creed of the Churches in its primitive purity. The conclusion was, Christianity is a failure. I well remember a conversation held with him shortly before his death, in which he frankly and sadly expressed his opinion. It was painful to look into the face of that noble Christian and minister, and listen to his desponding words:

"I wish," said he, "I could see it as my brethren do. I cannot. As to our nation, it is already ruined beyond the hope of recovery. Its conservative forces are spent, and national liberty is gone forever. As to religion, the sovereignty of God is not recognized. We have revivals of our own getting up, and the doctrine of grace are exchanged for those of works." Thus was one of God's noblest servants made sad and strengthless by accepting that great untruth that "the former days were better than these."

The history of Adventism for the last thirty-five years, is equally instructive. Thousands of active Christians, despairing of the triumph of Christianity, have been shorn of their aggressive strength or turned it against the Church. Instead of doing battle for the conquest of the world for Jesus, they are waiting and praying for His speedy coming to destroy the world. Only those who see a conquering Church led by the great Conqueror, can do valiant service for the cause. All our most cherished hopes die out when we lose faith in the final triumph of the Cross. How is it that on this question a conclusion so undesirable as the failure of Christianity, including all revealed religion, should be reached, as it has been, by many in all ages. As far back as history can be traced, we learn that fact. Homer speaks of a former age when men were far more perfect physically, mentally and religiously than in his day, which he calls "this degenerate age." The ancients speak of the golden, the silver, and the iron age—each one declining in physical, intellectual and moral qualities. Is it not likely that these were the teachings of tradition, founded on the Bible history of the race—man created in the divine image, pure and upright, but fallen, degenerate? There seems to be a universal consciousness that man is not what he was formed to be. Some great calamity has befallen him. He is degenerate. We cannot well deny this. God would not have created such a being as a sinful man, one so unlike Himself. Between Father and son there is not the family likeness. These were the better days, the days when sin had not "spoiled the six days' labor of our God."

Aged and infirm persons are likely to misjudge this matter. They contrast the present with the past, and judging by their own experience and feelings, are likely to come to a false conclusion. To them the sun shines less brightly, the earth is clothed with less beauty, for the days have come in which he finds no pleasure. No wonder that he misjudges, unless God in the strength of his heart and his unfailing portion.

Another class judging others by themselves, having lost their "earliest love," conclude that piety is dying out. Happily is that old Christian who while his outward man is decaying, experiences the "daily renewal of the inward man!" Others misjudge by confining their inquiry to one locality or season. If in the circle of their acquaintance religion declines, the world is growing corrupt; or if a prominent individual falls into sin, the former days were better than these. On the other hand, many a hopeful Christian has exulted in the full belief that the millennium has dawned, as a good revival was going on in his neighborhood. The question before us takes in the whole field: "Has Christianity made that progress in the world which gives reasonable assurance of its final triumph?" I propose at this time to confine our inquiry to a comparative small portion of the whole field, and for a limited time. I now repeat the question: "Has the progress of Christianity, taking into our account only our own country, during the last half-century, been such as to give assurance of final success?" Questions that minister only to the gratification of idle curiosity or profitless speculation, are not worth our attention. Life is so short as to leave no time for trifling, and only that which vitally affects our highest interests is worth a thought. The question before us is prominent. Decide it in the negative, and a dark cloud settles over the future of the race. All our high hopes are extinguished, and our jubilant songs are hushed forever. No longer shall rejoicing millions lift up their glad voices and sing, "Jesus shall reign!" The Book which prophesied, "He shall reign until He hath put all His enemies under His feet," and that "to Him shall every knee bow," will be thrown aside as unworthy of our credence, creating false hopes, and cheating us with promises not fulfilled. It is Satan, not Christ, that John saw going forth "conquering and to conquer."

In the improved material condition of our communities. No one will deny that for all improvement of our temporal interests we are largely indebted to the teachings and influence of our holy religion. Where religion in its purest form prevails, there is found the highest order of civilization. The religion of Jesus sheds its priceless blessings on the whole race. It is the nurse of art and science. It has lightened the severity of labor, and increased the comforts and conveniences of life; the laws of health are better understood, and all that makes domestic life happy much enhanced. Under the same influence the public mind has been enlightened, its tastes cultivated, and all that adorns humanity improved.

Its progress is seen in the improved condition of our benevolent institutions. In his desperation strike back upon his victorious enemy, but no hope nerves his arm. I have in recollection one who is an illustration of this. A purer patriot, or a more devoted Christian is seldom found than a late president of one of our N. E. colleges; and yet so sad and hopeless a man I have seldom known. As to his political faith, he was of the school of Hamilton—a Federalist of the ultra class. In theology he was a genuine Calvinist of the old stamp. He lived to see his political doctrines everywhere rejected, and his theology, which he believed was "the faith once delivered to the saints," if not rejected, yet toned down, and, as he believed, preached in a diluted form, and seldom heard from in the pulpit or found in the creed of the Churches in its primitive purity. The conclusion was, Christianity is a failure. I well remember a conversation held with him shortly before his death, in which he frankly and sadly expressed his opinion. It was painful to look into the face of that noble Christian and minister, and listen to his desponding words:

such extravagant provision is made for them as gives encouragement to laziness and prodigality.

3. In the statute laws of our land progress is seen. Our laws are indeed to the popular sentiment. In proportion to the religious sentiment of a people will be found the character of their laws. In the absence of religion, laws are unreasonable and oppressive. As Christianity advances, among its fruits we find just and humane laws. Apply this to our own land and time. Look into our statute books, and you find abundant proof of the influence of our holy religion. Take but one case—the law confining poor debtors to jail to enforce the payment of debts, a law which was allowed to disgrace our statute books down to our own day. We might also speak of the law compelling payment of taxes for the support of the privileged order of denominations, but we will only add in general terms that the laws in force in New England fifty years ago, and which have disappeared from our statute books, were in their operation worthless or injurious, while the enactments during that time have tended to promote the well-being of society.

4. In the administration of justice to criminals. Compare the State Prison of 1817 with that of 1877. Then a number of convicts, old in age and crime, were shut up in the same cell with the unpracticed criminal, instructing the novitiate in all the arts of crime, together to endure the winter's cold with out fire, and the whole year in a stifled atmosphere with scarce any ventilation. No reading was allowed—not even a Bible. On one occasion a Bible leaf, which by God's providence was dropped in the yard, was secretly taken by a convict to his cell, and read by him, for which offense he was severely punished.

Visit the prison in 1877, and you find all the comforts of life consistent with justice: separate cells, clean and well-ventilated, a well-selected library, a Bible for each convict, and religious services equal to those of congregations outside! The unhappy man who had learned to hate everything pertaining to religion, now stands before one who loves his soul, and hears the strange language of kindness and compassion. He stands for the first time in the atmosphere of love. He is told of One who loved and died for him; of "grace abounding to the chief of sinners;" and learns the way to the Cross. An experience of fifteen years as chaplain, has fully convinced me that genuine conversions in our prisons are frequent. Of the large number of convicts whom I have attended in their last hours, a very large proportion died in the Lord. What but the increasing power of Christianity has wrought this change? To "seek and to save the lost," was the mission of Jesus on the earth, and the church that "plucks the brands from the burning" is not a dead or dying Church. In all the departments of justice as administered in these times, we mark the progress of our holy religion.

[To be continued.]

5. S. I heard nothing of the colored member from Ohio until I arrived in New York. Dr. John E. Seales, Jr., of Hartford, Connecticut, was the one who had the charge of this matter. They contrast the present with the past, and judging by their own experience and feelings, are likely to come to a false conclusion.

To them the sun shines less brightly, the earth is clothed with less beauty, for the days have come in which he finds no pleasure. No wonder that he misjudges, unless God in the strength of his heart and his unfailing portion.

Another class judging others by themselves, having lost their "earliest love," conclude that piety is dying out. Happily is that old Christian who while his outward man is decaying, experiences the "daily renewal of the inward man!" Others misjudge by confining their inquiry to one locality or season. If in the circle of their acquaintance religion declines, the world is growing corrupt; or if a prominent individual falls into sin, the former days were better than these. On the other hand, many a hopeful Christian has exulted in the full belief that the millennium has dawned, as a good revival was going on in his neighborhood. The ringing at this all our morning was under the charge of Prof. Fischer, of Philadelphia. The addresses were by Rev. George A. Peitz, New York, and Rev. Dr. Cunningham, of Tennessee.

The Atlanta silver cornet band enlivened the occasion with music, and the thousands of children gathered there enjoyed the occasion greatly.

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7. MAINE CONFERENCE.

SATURDAY.

Rev. B. Lufkin conducted the prayer-meeting. Communications read from the corresponding secretary of the Sunday-school Union and Tract Society were received and referred to the committee on Pastoral Address.

A telegram from Dr. Foss, of Wesleyan University, requesting the Conference to elect a trustee for the university, was referred to the committee on Education.

The 4th question being resolved, J. S. Pillsbury, W. S. McIntyre and C. D. Merrill were admitted and elected to the session of the conference.

Rev. Dr. C. W. Averill and Dr. L. H. Bigelow were admitted and elected to the session of the conference.

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Rev. Dr. C. W. Averill and Dr. L





Christian address, and  
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wherever he forms  
We heartily bid him  
in the highest success!

attend the East Maine  
Assembly May 8th, at  
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onday, Wednesday and  
Return passes will be  
the Conference; it will  
er, to secure the tickets  
the boats, as we have  
any one at Conference  
furnish them.

#### MAINE CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS.

PORTLAND DISTRICT.

PARKER JACQUES, Presiding Elder.

Portland—Chestnut Street, J. R. Day; Pine Street, C. J. Clark; Congress Street, A. S. Ladd; West End, E. W. Hutchinson; Island Church, H. Chase; Farnsworth, J. A. Stratton; Bowery Beach, B. F. Pease; Cape Elizabeth Depot, T. P. Adams; Ferry Village, S. F. Wetherbee; Scarboro, to be supplied; Saco, H. B. Bean; Biddeford, D. W. Leach; South Biddeford circuit, supplied by G. C. Powers; Goodwin's Mills, O. H. Stevens; Kennebunk, J. M. Woodbury; Kennebunk Depot, W. B. Bartlett; Kennebunkport, H. B. Mitchell; Cape Porpoise, J. Cobb; Maryland Ridge, I. Lord; Ogundot, supplied by W. P. Merrill; Berwick, D. B. Randall; South Berwick, G. F. Cobb; Eliot and Scotland, G. Wilkins; South Eliot, B. Freeman; Kittery Navy Yard, supplied by S. Watson; Kittery, J. W. Smith; York, J. Hawks; Scarborough, J. Luce; Gorham—High Street, J. Colby; North Street, J. C. Perry; Boston, George Holt; South Standish and East Hollis, supplied by W. F. Berry; Hollis Centre, to be supplied; Alfred, C. W. Bradlee; Newfield, J. Gibson; West Newfield, A. Hatch; Shapleigh and Acton, D. Perry; Baldwin and Hiram, supplied by J. A. Corey; Cornish and Kezzi Falls, A. R. Sylvester; Denmark, J. Mitchell; Bridgton, O. M. Cousins; Naples, W. F. Marshall; South Waterford, Swedes and Stowham, W. S. McIntrye; Ostfield and South Harrison, supplied by A. L. Vewell; Fryeburg and Stowe, G. C. Andrews; Conway and Conway Centre, J. Collins; Bartlett and North Conway, F. W. Smith; Casco Bay Islands, J. P. Cole; Harpswell, J. E. Budde; Falmouth and Cumberland, E. K. Colby; Gray, T. J. Tracy; North Yarmouth, D. Waterhouse; Durham and North Pownal, D. Church; Brunswick and Freeport, W. S. Jones; Bath—Wesley Church, A. W. Pottle; Beacon Street, E. T. Adams; Bowdoinham, W. H. Foster.

J. H. Pillsbury, teacher in Springfield Bishop Doggett, and a in the M. E. Church, holding a grand general meeting was received and re-

was very largely at-  
tendance will settle down  
good nature.

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ceiling this year, in the  
General Conference  
Day, Ga., on the 1st inst.  
occupied in arranging the committees,  
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Bishop's quadrennial  
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good nature.

LEWISTON DISTRICT.

C. C. MASON, Presiding Elder.

Lewiston—Park Street, R. L. Greene; Hammond Street, to be supplied by H. P. Cushing; North Auburn, J. F. Hutchins; North Auburn, to be supplied by L. B. Green; South Auburn, to be supplied by S. P. Record; East Poland and Minot, A. Cook; Lisbon, supplied by J. B. Fog; Richmond, N. D. Center; Gardner, G. D. Lindsey; Hallowell, F. Grover; C. Fuller, sup.; August, W. M. Sterling; North Augusta; Thomas Hillman, Belgrade, A. T. Hillman; West Waterville and North Sidney, J. E. Clark; Waterville, E. Martin; Fairfield, K. Atkinson; Skowhegan and Norridgewock, W. W. Baldwin; Madison Bridge and Mercer, T. P. Whittier; Spion, H. B. Wardwell; North Auster, supplied by E. K. Evans; Kingfield circuit, E. S. Stackpole; New Portland and New Vineyard, A. Turner; Industry and Stark, S. F. Strout; New Sharon and Farmington Falls, J. V. Murphy; Mount Vernon and Vienna, O. S. Pillsbury; Kent's Hill and Readfield Corner, C. Munger; Readfield East, to be supplied by J. W. B. Rich; Winthrop, J. Nixon; Monmouth, R. H. Kimball; Leeds, to be supplied by L. P. Gould; Wayne, S. Hooper; Fayette and East Livermore, D. Pratt; Livermore, supplied by N. C. Clifford; Hartford and Peru, to be supplied; Livermore Falls, A. C. Traffon; Wilton, J. B. Lapham; East Wilton, to be supplied; Farmington and Temple, R. Sanderson; Strong, G. L. Burbank; Phillips, Avon and Weld, to be supplied by — Simon, Mechanic Falls, J. H. Trask; Oxford, G. W. Barber; South Paris, F. C. Rogers; Paris and Woodstock, M. C. Pendexter; Bethel, C. E. Bisbee; Gorham, N. H., F. Chandler; Newry and Sandy River, G. D. Holmes; Upton and Erroll circuit, to be supplied; Rumford, to be supplied by G. B. Hannaford; Andover, S. D. Brown; North Norway and Monson circuit, to be supplied.

H. P. Torsey, President, J. L. Morse and A. F. Chase, Professors, in Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College; members of Kent's Hill Quarterly Conference, S. Allen, Superintendent of Girls' Industrial School; member of Hallowell Quarterly Conference, H. C. Sheldon, Assistant Professor in Boston Theological Seminary, member of Brunswick Quarterly Conference, William Harper, Professor in State Normal School; member of Farmington Quarterly Conference.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY.

NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

MASSACHUSETTS.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Rev. Dr. S. W. Coggeshall writes of Rev. D. W. Couch, now laboring in the People's Church, Boston, with Rev. J. W. Hamilton:

"Brother C. is not a wandering, senseless and irresponsible evangelist, like many of this day; not at all. He was educated under the lamented Dempster, at the Garrett Biblical Institute, at Evanston, Ill., and graduated in the class of 1865. Immediately entering the Wisconsin Conference, he was stationed at the large and important Church at Waupun, the seat of the Wisconsin State prison, where for two years he was the pastor of Mrs. Coggeshall and her father's family. From the Wisconsin, he was transferred to the West Wisconsin Conference, and stationed at Mineral Point on the Mississippi, where he built a beautiful and costly church in a population of but 6,000 souls. This successful enterprise immediately established his reputation not only as a preacher and an evangelist, but also as an administrator and Church financier. When our Church enterprise in Madison was started, Brother Couch was selected by the authorities of the Church to conduct it. The Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Catholics, and even Jews, were there before us, and pre-empted the ground. He made this important enterprise as it went; and when it was insured and made a fixed fact, he was appointed to succeed Rev. Peter C. Mather as Presiding Elder of the Madison district. Though Brother C. excels as a preacher, an administrator, and in executive ability as a church financier, yet his forte is evangelism. He is pre-eminently a soul-saver; and here he is the most at home. I first became acquainted with him at the session of the Wisconsin Conference at Milwaukee, in October, 1871, two days after the great Chicago fire. The next spring he was my guest at Sheboygan, and two years after, I was at his home at Sycamore, in the vicinity of Madison.

The report of the committee on the new Hymnal was read and referred to the committee on that subject. The report of the Book Concern was also read, and the Bishop

M. Cummings was announced as transferred from the N. E. Conference, and H. F. Austin from the Troy Conference. Rev. E. Foster, of New York Conference, and Rev. W. F. Loucoumt, of the N. E. Conference, were appointed.

The ordinary standing committee were appointed, and also a committee on Conference Relations, one on the New Hymnal, and another on Conference Minutes.

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The usual examination took place on Tuesday, and as the writer looked in upon the several classes, and noted their composition, and witnessed the thorough work of the committees, he felt fully assured that our standard of ministerial excellence was in no danger of not being fully maintained.

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The usual examination took place on Tuesday, and as the writer looked in upon the several classes, and noted their composition, and witnessed the thorough work of the committees, he felt fully assured that our standard of

## The family.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

LUKE 12.27.  
GODLAW & CO., BOSTON, 1878.

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

Behold the great God-man, so lowly, so tender,  
Imparting His lessons of beauty and love;  
So grand, yet so simple, so vast in their import,  
Portraying His goodness—our Father above.  
  
Consider the lilies! No rich, regal splendor  
Can equal their grandeur; no charming array  
earth's greatest wealth of magnificent glory  
Compare with the lilies that bloom in our way.

"Consider the lilies!" What volumes they teach us  
Of truth—God's omnipotence, wisdom, and love!  
What monitors these to remind of His promise,  
And teach us to trust for supplies from above.

Poor, troubled disciples, so worn and so weary,  
Oppressed with life's burdens and poverty's gloom,  
Oh, think of His teaching—your own precious Saviour—  
"Consider the lilies!" be cheered by their bloom!

"Consider the lilies!" oh, wonderful lesson!

Could ever a murmur or question arise?

God's "riches in glory" are pledged to sustain us;

His great hand is open to give us supplies.

A METHODIST SEMI-CENTENNIAL.  
RECOLLECTIONS OF A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

BY R. J. ATTWILL.

The 30th of April, this year, marked an era in the history of the Methodist Church in this city, in its semi-centennial anniversary of the laying of a corner-stone of a new church edifice in North Bennett Street, and one of the most frightful accidents which has ever occurred here. Nearly two generations have passed away, and while there are a large number of residents of the city whose memories can go back of that period, in the changes which have taken place, the presumption is that there are but a few persons, comparatively, of those who were familiar with the events of that day, who are now living. Even these are scattered, and are among the non-residents. It may further be presumed that but a small portion of our large population have any knowledge of the occurrence.

The first home of Methodism was at the North End, where, it may be said, the stimulus, if not the originators, of the measures which led to our war of Independence, had also a home, and where in early days the principal men of Boston had their residences. Yet the good people who welcomed Jesse Lee here, were humble enough to build their first house of worship in an obscure alley, now known as Hanover Avenue, but named, in deference to the Church and people who worshipped there, "Methodist Alley." This building, as remembered, was a very plain structure, not so good as many barns in our days, but answered the purpose of the worshippers some thirty years. The building, by some means, was brought out of the alley, and is now used as a carpenter's shop in Merrimac Street.

It may appear strange to many persons, that fifty years ago there was but one Methodist society in this city, while there were two houses of worship. After the erection of the house in Bromfield Street, an incorporated board of trustees managed the business affairs of both places, and two preachers were assigned to this city, alternating in their duties to each. The late Rev. Joseph A. Merrill and Rev. John Newland Maffitt were the preachers in charge that year. Mr. Maffitt, a native of Ireland, was then in the height of his popularity, and crowds of people thronged to hear him, and were carried away by his fervid eloquence. The old house in Methodist Alley became too straitened for those days, and measures were taken for the building of a larger and more commodious house, which should be equal in capacity to that in Bromfield Street. The building committee at first selected a site on the corner of Hanover and Sheafe Streets, running back to Garden Court Street, which was once probably a part of the estate of Gov. Hutchinson, whose old mansion was then standing on the street last named. From some reason, after they were authorized to purchase it, the choice was relinquished, and another site was selected on Bennett Street, where the work of building was rapidly forwarded, and the ceremonies at the laying of the corner-stone were fixed for the last day of April. Under the circumstances, as might be expected, Mr. Maffitt was designated to deliver the address on the occasion.

In the plan of the building, which had become common at that time, the vestry was made a basement, the floor being a little below the level of the street. The walls were up near the vestry, and a flooring was laid for the body of the house, to accommodate the large number of persons expected to be present. Mr. Maffitt commenced his address near the centre of this flooring, but there being a large crowd in the street, for the better accommodation of the better, he moved his position to the northwestern corner, in part, or wholly, upon the wall. How great an effect this change produced, can only be conjectured, yet the probabilities are, that but for it, a much larger number of persons would have been injured, with far more serious consequences. The

address was a little more than half delivered, when after anticipating the changes which were to take place in the growth of the denomination, in that future period in which the walls of that house shall crumble, he was horror-struck at the sinking down before him of a large portion of his congregation. Something near a quarter part of the entire flooring nearest the corner where the preacher was standing, and where the crowd was the most dense, was way, and two hundred or three hundred persons were precipitated into the base, about eleven feet. The giving way was in such a manner as almost tunnel-like to pile the crowd together, and the wonder was that many were not killed outright. A bed of mortar served in some measure to soften the fall, and those who were not seriously injured, came out in a sorry plight. Fortunately the numerous, outside, uninjured persons were enabled quickly to rescue the many who were unable to help themselves.

The occurrence of the accident was soon noised abroad in the city, and created great excitement. At that time the population of Boston was not much greater than now in Cambridge or in Worcester, yet more compact, and the accident was soon generally known. It may be for that reason that an evening paper in those days, believed to be the only one, had less than a dozen lines, and the morning papers of the next day had by no means a full account of it. This being Wednesday, it was left for the semi-weekly papers of Friday or Saturday to go much into particulars. All of the surgeons and physicians were immediately summoned to attend the injured persons, and the carriages of the city were put in requisition to take the wounded to their homes. One who had a long ride to take, quite to the South End, remembers the ride as the most painful ever endured by him; and although measures were taken to make it as comfortable as possible, they failed, from not knowing the extent of the injuries.

There were no deaths immediately resulting from injuries, while there were several whose injuries ultimately caused death. Col. Benjamin Hayden, a revolutionary soldier, formerly of Braintree, had both legs broken, and his head injured, and lived but a few days. The wife of Capt. John G. Scott and Mrs. Maxwell died also in a short time from their injuries. Mrs. Motley, wife of Wm. W. Motley, a prominent citizen, was a very fleshly woman, probably suffered more than any other person, being a fracture and a severe flesh wound, which was not for a long time, if ever, healed.

It may be supposed that there were inaccuracies in the first published accounts, in the names of persons and of their injuries, no less than there are in the hurried publications of such occurrences in these days. The publication of the ZION'S HERALD being on the day of the accident, there was nearly a week for the making up of a revised list; and its account must have been as nearly correct as it was possible to make it. The list gives the names of about twenty who had broken legs mostly, with some broken ribs. There were also nearly fifty more, who received injuries, internally, in some instances, and probably more serious than were supposed; while in other cases there were but sprains, bruises, or slight injuries. Some bruises, too, which would have been called slight, still give remembrances to those who received them, and yet survive, while the broken bones long since healed. Those who believe, as is sometimes asserted, that they can anticipate storms or other atmospheric changes through their effects upon their belief in cases like these. Doubtless many of the multitude who went down with the falling floor realized an unpleasant relief, in some respects, in finding themselves immersed in a huge bed of mortar; but the ludicrousness of their condition and the spoiling of new dresses was much less to be deplored than the broken bones and bruises from which they escaped. One of the journals of that day, in its remarks upon the occurrence, said that not in the same space on the field of Waterloo was there such an amount of aggravated suffering.

The trustees of the society, in a card issued on the following day, stated that the cause of the accident, in the opinion of builders and others, was inexplicable; yet it was believed, and generally acquiesced in, that a brick pillar, as one of the supports of the floor, was yet green in construction, with the mortar unhardened, and a piece of board, or strop, forced between the top of the pillar and the beam supported, acted as a wedge, in crushing the support when the pressure upon it became great. One of the sufferers describes the sensation as not unlike the giving way of a tough sheet of ice with a gradual sinking, and little or no crash, the beam being broken off near the centre, with the end upon the wall adhering to its place. This kept some from falling to the bottom of the cellar, while in one instance, at least, a broken leg received two fractures corresponding with the edges in the width of the timber—one just below the knee, and the other near the ankle. The other clergymen who were present and took in the exercises before the accident were Rev. Enoch Mudge and Rev. Daniel Webb, the last named being at that time the publishing agent of ZION'S HERALD. Neither of them appears to have been injured.

In the changes which have rapidly gone on at the North End, the union of two societies in one, and the purchase of the house of the Unitarian

society on Hanover Street, caused the sale of the Bennett Street house to the Freehill Baptists, and now it is in the possession of a Catholic society of Portuguese. There were comparatively but a small number of foreigners in the city at that time, but now the old resident population in that section have nearly all gone. The two Methodist churches, and the preaching place in the Franklin school-house at the South End, not including those for colored persons, of which there were about the same number then, as now, have grown into some thirty churches, chapels, and other places of worship in the enlarged city territory; yet in the territory which has been annexed, it is believed that at that time there was one church only in Charlestown and one in Dorchester. The increase would appear, then, to have been some six-fold, which is about the same proportion with the population of the enlarged city.

## SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

BY DR. E. TOUTREE.

The intellect keeps the door of the emotions, and every visitor must seek admission from this sleepless porter, or seek in vain. In other terms, thought always precedes feeling. I take in hand a book. It is written in a language that I do not understand. Its contents, therefore, awaken no activity in my mind, however interesting they may be to one who knows the significance of the characters employed, and I am not moved. I open another, written in my own language. The thoughts of the author are at once more or less distinctly mirrored in my own mind. If new, they deal with a subject suited to produce such a result. I am affected by them as soon as they are comprehended. This being Wednesday, it was left for the semi-weekly papers of Friday or Saturday to go much into particulars. All of the surgeons and physicians were immediately summoned to attend the injured persons, and the carriages of the city were put in requisition to take the wounded to their homes. One who had a long ride to take, quite to the South End, remembers the ride as the most painful ever endured by him; and although measures were taken to make it as comfortable as possible, they failed, from not knowing the extent of the injuries.

The process is similar when an appeal to the emotions is made by means of the art of painting. A picture whose "idea" the spectator cannot discover, does not touch his feelings. It is to him what the foreign book is to me. But let it be interpreted to him, and I forget all about it. Kindness was written all over the strong, fair face. He didn't stay long. He noticed the children, gave me a cordial invitation to the parsonage, and when I returned to finish the room after he had gone, I said to mother, "I think I shall like him." I've spent many hours since under his instruction, and haven't changed the language of the author who has expressed himself.

There are those who seem to regard music as beyond the reach of this law. It is not, however, as one clearly sees upon a minute's reflection. Music has a meaning, and therefore cannot impress until its meaning is understood. Why is this truth ignored? Ambitious candidates for the title of composers, heap together senseless medleys, upon which they hope to climb to eminence. Their efforts must be forever futile. They give nothing to the world, and therefore cannot expect anything in return.

They are not alone in error. Those who languish listen to music without catching its rich revelations, and mistake this language for real sentiment, are equally deceived. Ask one of them to analyze a composition, if you wish to test the genuineness of his emotion. He hesitates, stammers, and treats you to a vague, general expression, which means nothing. If he were really moved, he would be able to give a reason for the influence of the music upon him. Let us have more sense in music, and we shall have more sentiment—pure, strong feeling—that nothing is more grand or ennobling.

## THE CHOICE.

Ben Ezra, mourning wild  
About the loss of his child,  
His fate with fatal unrescued,  
Complained, and could not understand  
Why death's relentless hand  
A thousand common lives should spare  
To snatch a single life so fair.

The old outlive the young;  
The sweetest song is hushed ere it be sung;  
The loveliest bud," he thought,  
"Is come to naught;"

The page of brightest promise fails unread;  
"O cruel! O cruel!" he said.

At last

He drew back into the past.

Again he smiled upon his newborn son,

But was aware of one his new-born son,

Who, standing by the cradle, spoke:

"This gift again I take

When but a few short years are sped.

"Now, for the Presence said;

"Since by the changes, fathomless de-

This bitter loss must be

We're not better off if we could touch

The child, and let it, lest it grow to such a

As I, who thou wouldst mourn too much?"

"Or shall I grow it with my rarest crown

For glory, to bring down when it fades

Than common shades?"

So wouldst thou have— and miss—

The greatest bliss!"

"Nay!" cried Ben Ezra; "since this grace

Has fit but little space,

Keep back no gift or treasures manifold

From me, for the love of him who loves

But pour the brightness of all spheres into

My child's few years."

That I may drink of joy's full measure first,

Through afterwards I thirst!"

The vision fled.

Ben Ezra was alone beside his dead;

And, while aghast he grieved,

Praised God, with tears, that such a child

had lived!

MY MINISTERS' FIRST CALLS.

BY J. F. T.

My grandfather, some forty or fifty years ago, loved and entertained the Methodist preachers on their circuits, away over the seas in old Ireland. When my father made his home in the Bay State, his Church home was the E—Street Methodist Church, in the pleasant city where I am writing. He remained a member till called up higher, and left in the old Church all his family but one. So when I left the home-nest for one of my own, I, too, received calls occasionally from the pastors of the "peculiar people," zealous of good works."

But if first impressions are the true ones, alas for me! For never did the new minister call, but I was "up in heaps." The first I think of was Brother D—, an earnest young preacher, who made it a rule to visit his people. One morning, I had just finished sweeping the parlor, and everything was upset, when I heard a knock at the door. After taking the towel off my head, I opened it. "Good morning, Sister Landers," and in walked the Rev. Brother D., and took a seat on the dusty sofa. "How goes the battle?" I answered him: "Gaining slowly," I said. "Hot! Hot!" laughed the polliwogs, flouncing by, "what a drollies it is! When it gets to the surface, and we are frogs, will it be a fine seal for us while we sing, 'Trick-as-trix, Trick-as-trix,' and our old papa plays the trombone?"

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the polliwogs, flouncing by, "what a drollies it is! When it gets to the surface, and we are frogs, will it be a fine seal for us while we sing, 'Trick-as-trix, Trick-as-trix,' and our old papa plays the trombone?"

"Pray, don't be too pushing," said the duckweed. "You're as well off as the rest of us. A plant of your condition ought to be modest. Don't be too pushing; no good will come of it."

Next came Brother M., a real home-body. This time a baby was with us to welcome him. I was talking to the baby, and ironing, when he made his first call. "Twas chilly in the parlor, and so I brought him right into the kitchen. He made Mamie's acquaintance, talked awhile about Church affairs, and I really enjoyed his call, though I thought the clothes-frame and ironing-board never took up so much room before. I wonder if he enjoyed it?

Then came Brother W. This time I was cleaning the spare bed-room, and I had coaxed Cousin George into white-washing the kitchen ceiling; so when mother, who had run in a few minutes before, opened the door to admit our caller, he had a full view of the cleansing process. The ceiling was partly white-washed; so were George's clothes and the floor (In spots). "Fanny, here is Brother W. said my mother, coming to the door where I was lancing the mud ball.

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## The Farm and Garden.

## HINTS FOR WORK.

[Called from the American agriculturist for April.]

**Corn Planting.** — Over a large portion of the country the planting of corn begins with May. Although early planting is convenient, and in some cases unavoidable, to prevent stress of work, yet with corn it is a question if anything is gained by hurrying it into the ground. The first operation, that of

warm friends, and his comfortable salaried, and then I said: "Brother Abbott, what induced you to leave all these comforts and come South to labor among so poor colored people, where you will be scoffed at, and ostracized by the whites?" With deep emotion, he said: "Because the love of Christ constraineth me!"

Like Phineas, "he was zealous for his God" and therefore has been rewarded with "an everlasting priesthood," for through the merits of Christ we are made "kings and priests unto God." As an illustration of his zeal, we have the following incident: During his pastorate in Charleston, a respectable colored young man on the police force, by the name of Bunch, shot and killed an Irishman. He was arrested, put in prison, and afterwards was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hung on a certain day. The friends of this unfortunate young man thought that he did not deserve death, and therefore made efforts to have new trial granted in the case; but in this they failed. Then they endeavored to have his sentence commuted for life by the governor; but in this they also failed.

He gave his heart to God forty-nine years ago, and joined the M. E. Church under the labors of Rev. Greengrave More, in the town of Wayne, Me. For many years he has served the Church as choir-leader and steward. The past six years of his life were years of blindness of his eyes. The one expression which came from the lips of those who gathered at his funeral was, "He was a good and holy man."

His last hours were hours of great peace, and his death was triumphant. Long he waited for the boatman to come and bear him o'er the river. He found him ready.

**L. L. HANSONC.** — Young chicks should now be coming forward. As a rule, those hatched this month, if of good breeds, will begin to lay early in the fall, and continuing through the winter will brood early next spring. The profit of feeding laying hens, when eggs are scarce, is obvious. The loss in feeding "dead heads" through the winter, to lay only when eggs are plenty and cheap, is apparent.

**Poultry Manure.** — This is a valuable fertilizer, and may be used with benefit on corn. It may be scattered in the hill at planting, or afterwards spread about the hill upon the surface. It is well to mix it with an equal bulk of plaster.

**Young Trees.** — Young trees should keep clean and mellow among them, and, especially, if set this spring, should have a mulch before dry weather sets in. A tree properly planted rarely needs stakes, but if any are disposed to do so, it is best to eads the roots from another plant.

**The White Grub.** — This often makes sad work with strawberries, and their presence is not known until the mischief is done. When a strawberry plant withers, take it up and search for the grub before it gets to eat the roots from another plant.

**Tomatoes.** — A light, warm soil gives the earliest crops, but the bearing lasts longer in a strong and rich one. In a garden, a trellis, or some kind of support, should be given the vines. Brush, to keep the fruit from the earth, is better than nothing.

**Celery.** — Sow seed, if not already done, covering but lightly; roll or pat the surface down firmly with the back of the spade. The soil must be worked as soon as the rows can be seen; to assist in this, sow a few radish-seeds with the celery.

**Beets.** — Thin the early sown; the thinning make excellent greens, and are preferred by many to all others. Sow the main crop—Long Blood is best.

**Carrots.** — Sow, using plenty of seed, so that the plants may break the ground well.

**Cabbages and Cauliflowers.** — Set out from hot-beds as soon as the plants are well hardened, setting well down in the soil. Sow seeds for the late crops.

**Egg-Plants.** — Are the last thing to go from a hot-bed. Set when the weather is warm. Look out for potato-beetles, which are very fond of these.

**Cucumbers and Melons.** — Sow seeds and put out plants from hot-bed as soon as cold nights are over. Hand-lights are useful for these.

**Corn.** — Sow early sorts as soon as safe, and it is well to put in a little, in advance of the season, to take its chances. The drills may be three or four feet apart, according to the height of the variety.

**Squashes.** — Make well-enriched hills for the bush sorts, four feet each way, and manure the whole ground with manure, too close, thin them. Forest-tree seedlings, especially evergreens, must have shelter from the hot sun; a lattice of laths, or a screen of brush may be put over them, but supported in such a manner as to allow a free circulation of air.

**Dr. F. A. CRAFTS.** — For about forty-seven years she had been a member of the M. E. Church, bearing her share of its burdens cheerfully, and attending to her duties, as a Christian, faithfully to the end. Though often unable to unite with God's people in public worship, by reason of physical infirmities, still her prayers, constant and fervent, were rising to God in behalf of Zion.

The radiance of her dying countenance was, it would seem, a reflection of the glory into which she was entering. Her home often gave shelter and sympathy to the early itinerants of Methodism, and it was her joyful privilege to aid in laying the foundations of our Church in this part of the land. "The memory of the just is blessed," F. A. CRAFTS.

**DR. CHARLES ESTES.** — Died in Ware, Mass., March 6, 1878, aged 63 years. He had been failing in health for a long time, yet his death seemed somewhat sudden, as only a short while previous to it, he was giving little attention to his business. He was born of Quaker parents in Tiverton, R. I., and when quite young his parents moved to Savoy, Mass., where his mother died in his early manhood. He taught school in New York and New Jersey, and commenced the study of medicine. He afterwards attended the Medical College at Pittsfield, Mass.

**Horses.** — Now, with hard work, teams require good care. Horses will come from the field in much better condition if they are protected from worry by flies. The best protection is a thin sheet made to fit the neck, with holes for the ears, and to buckle under the throat, and to cover the back, hanging loosely at the sides to give excess of air beneath. It should be held by a crupper band beneath the tail. Too much corn fed now, is apt to produce irritation of the skin, and make the animals restless. Cleanliness will be found a great comfort to them.

**Mr. J. P. SAWYER.** — The best remedy for the beetle. Last season we mixed it with plaster, which is much cheaper than flour, does not scatter so much when the wind is blowing, and adheres to the leaves equally well. As it is best to be prepared for the beetle, a supply of the Paris green should be procured in readiness for its arrival.

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## THE WEEK.

The public debt was reduced during the month of April \$3,000,000.

The new Gilbert Elevated Railway has been formally opened in New York city.

President Hayes has consented to attend the Decoration Day ceremonies at Gettysburg, Pa.

The Utica, Ithaca and Elmira Railroad was sold at auction last week to its English bondholders.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a 56th call for the redemption of 5-cent coins of 1863. The amount called for is \$5,000,000.

The famine in North China has become so terrible that the wretched sufferers are endeavoring to prolong life by resorting to cannibalism.

During the twelve months ending March 31, the aggregate value of exports from this country exceeded the imports by the unprecedented amount of \$200,000,000.

A faction riot occurred in Montreal, on the 29th ult., between Orangemen and Roman Catholics, resulting in the death of one man, and the wounding of three others.

Two hundred and sixty-five persons in bankruptcy were filed in Chicago last month. The total amount involved was \$13,072,403, of which only \$4,200,000 represented secured debts.

A company of twelve Southern congressmen came to this city last week as guests of the Commercial Club. They visited the principal places of interest, and expressed great pleasure at the courtesies and hospitality shown to them.

The famous firm of E. Remington & Co., manufacturers of rifles, etc., at Ulion, N.Y., is financially embarrassed, owing to delay in payments by the Egyptian and Mexican governments. Their liabilities are \$1,000,000 and their assets \$4,000,000. They will doubtless succeed in arranging with their creditors.

The syndicate are having remarkable success with the sale of the 4 1/2 per cent. One million of these popular bonds were sold on the 1st, and a call has been made on the Treasury for another instalment—the June option of \$75,000 for the schools in the District of Columbia, and the Indian Appropriation bill, and discussed the Legislative, Judicial and Executive bill.

A terrible explosion and fire occurred at Minneapolis on the 2d, attended with loss of life and destruction of property. The explosion occurred in a flour mill, and was caused, it is supposed, by the ignition of the fine dust produced in milling. The building—a large stone structure—was destroyed, together with two other mills, a planing mill, an elevator, and 1,000 tons of flour. Other mills were seriously damaged. The shock of the explosion was felt at St. Paul's, nine miles away. Fourteen persons were killed, and the property loss is estimated at over \$1,000,000.

A genuine sensation was excited last week by the arrival of the steamer *Cimbria*, of the Hamburg line, at Southwest Harbor, on the coast of Maine. It was ascertained that she had on board sixty Russian officers and 600 men, and that her destination was kept profoundly secret. A British consul and a rear-admiral of the Royal navy visited the place, and tried, without success, to get on board. A member of the Russian embassy also appeared on the scene. There is no reasonable doubt that this mysterious enterprise is a menace to British commerce in case of war.

John Morrisey, State senator of New York, died on the 1st inst. at Saratoga, at the age of 47. He was born in Ireland, and in his varied and eventful career was successively an iron worker, a pugilist, a liquor seller, a gambler, a Wall street speculator, a politician, and the keeper of a "first-class gambling hell." He was generous and true in his friendships, and in his legislative experience was regarded, if not ingenuous, at least incorruptible; but these commendable qualities will weigh lightly against the violent passions and excesses of his early life and his later attempts to make respectable one of the most insidious and corrupting vices that endanger society.

An uneasy feeling pervades some of our large cities, particularly New York, Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco at the communistic movements among the labor classes. Great activity is shown by the agents of this organization in securing arms and carrying on, secretly, military drills, with a view, it is said, to enforce the demands of the workmen at a strike which is contemplated. In Chicago great alarm is felt, and steps have been taken to meet the apprehended danger. The Board of Trade has voted \$3,500 for arming the police, and the militia companies have been supplied with ammunition. Other cities will probably take similar precautions.

The Universal Exposition at Paris was formally opened, May 1st, with imposing ceremonies. The Marshal President was attended by the Prince of Wales, Prince Amadeus, the crown prince of Denmark and the Netherlands, and other personages of high rank. The American exhibit compared favorably with that of other nations. The main building is 2,400 feet long and 840 wide. The east and west fronts have long machine galleries, 2,310 feet by 120. Each nation has a section by itself. Its articles are divided into nine groups, with a number of subdivisions. 1. Works of Art; 2. Education; 3. Furniture; 4. Textile Fabrics; 5. Mining Industries; 6. Mechanical Industries; 7. Allimentary Products; 8. Agriculture and Pisciculture; 9. Horticulture. The sum of \$300,000 will be awarded in prizes.

The prospects for peace in Europe are far from hopeful. Mr. Gladstone has denounced Lord Beaconsfield as a disturber of nations, and a mammoth anti-war memorial has been presented to the Queen, signed by 17,000 persons, including many noblemen and members of the clergy; but on the other hand the Secretary for India, Mr. Gathorne Hardy (recently advanced to the peerage), and Mr. Cross, Home Secretary, have both made belligerent speeches, and there is not the slightest pause in the preparations for war. Russia is evidently getting tired of England's attitude. Gen. Todebien has been placed in command, and is ready to seize Constantinople at the first hostile manifestation. Italy and Austria are arming, the latter to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina, the former to attack Albania. The real point of issue at present appears to be, the existence or nullity of the Treaty of Paris, which Russia is bound to destroy. Gortschakoff still continues to be ill, and Ignatieff has been made a minister without a portfolio.

## GENERAL METHODIST ITEMS.

The house and land given by Thomas H. Buckley at Rinebeck, N.Y., as a home for superannuated preachers of the New York Conference, are now ready for their reception.

The Methodist Church South has increased 350,000 members since the close of the war.

The Washington Street M. E. Church of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., through the liberality of its members, has recently been relieved from a debt of \$12,000, which had been accumulated in the erection of the church.

The Hon. Richard W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, will deliver the address before the literary societies of Dickinson College during the next commencement.

During the ministry of Rev. G. E. Reid, five hundred persons have been added to the membership of Hanson Place M. E. Church of Brooklyn.

Central M. E. Church in New York city has greeted its new pastor, Dr. J. P. Newman, with congregations completely filling the church. On the evening of April 16, the trustees gave him and his family one of the heartiest of receptions" in the church parlor. A large company assembled. Bishop Harris, Dr. Fowler, and a large number of pastors, were present.

Rev. Dr. Willing, with the help of two missionary workers, organized Lincoln Street M. E. Church, Chicago, Sunday, April 21st. The society was formerly known as Reeper mission. It now consists of 34 members.

Clergymen, singers and public speakers troubled with hoarseness or bronchial affections, will find themselves greatly relieved by the use of *Adams's Botanic Balsam*. Sample and circular free at the druggist.

Cassell & Co., cor. Washington and Winter St., Boston.

For particulars regarding Electric Belts, address PULVERMACHE GALTANIC CO., New York, N.Y.

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